

POLICE

COMICS

JUNE
No. 79

10^p

PLASTIC MAN
meets
EAGLEBEAK,
Kidnapper and
fiend!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NEW! Jim Prentice SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

It's A HIT!

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY
BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY
OR NIGHT, COME RAIN,
SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS
DAD...
THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY
SEE THAT LAST BALL.
LET'S QUIT BEFORE
SOMEBODY'S BEAMED!

GAME CALLED ON
ACCOUNT OF
DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO
WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST
AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE
GOT AN IDEA! C'MON
FOLLOW ME TO MY
HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE
PLAYING ON THIS
INDOOR ELECTRIC
BASEBALL
GAME!

OH, BOY!
LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S
KEEN!

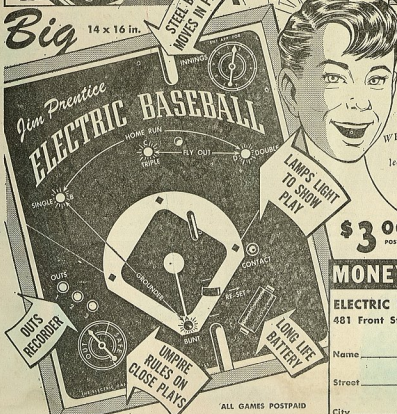
I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER
CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE
BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER
FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE
WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING
ELECTRIC "BRAIN"
FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS!
IT'S JUST LIKE BIG
LEAGUE BASEBALL!

WE WANT A
HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM
OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON.
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST
GAME I'VE EVER SEEN,
AND IT CAN'T BE
CALLED ON ACCOUNT
OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL!



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the
fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of smallest
game. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied
... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and
2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or
WHIP the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "con-
tact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. The play
leaves the fire points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play
break-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And,
you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times.
Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3 00
POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at
the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life
(5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pay \$1.00
this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on
delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND
COLLECTION CHARGES.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3 00 \$2 50
BASEBALL FOOTBALL AMOUNT ENCLOSED

COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

PLASTIC MAN





I HATE TO PUT YOU ON A BODYGUARD ASSIGNMENT, PLASTIC MAN, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT TO HAVE THE BEST MAN WE'VE GOT ON THIS PARTICULAR JOB!

THANKS, CHIEF! AND I DON'T MIND A SIMPLE ASSIGNMENT FOR A CHANGE!



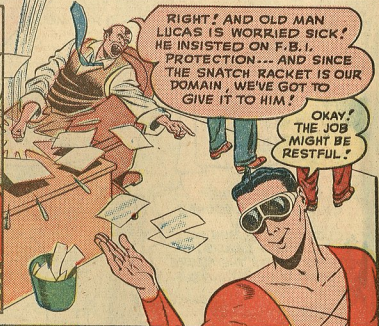
THAT'S JUST IT! IT ISN'T A SIMPLE ASSIGNMENT! IT'S A MATTER OF PREVENTING EAGLEBEAK FROM KIDNAPPING COBINA LUCAS!

EAGLEBEAK, EH? I READ ABOUT HIS STUNTS WHILE I WAS OUT OF TOWN! THEY SOUNDED KIND OF FANTASTIC!



THEY ARE FANTASTIC... BUT THEY'RE ALSO PLENTY EFFECTIVE! EAGLEBEAK HAS ALREADY KIDNAPPED THE TWO RICHEST HEIRESESSES IN THE WORLD, AND GOTTEN MILLIONS IN RANSOM MONEY!

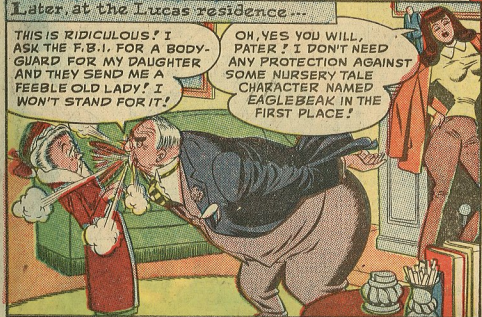
CYNTHIA ROONEM, THE RICHEST, AND TERYL BEERCASE, THE NEXT RICHEST! SO NOW YOU FIGURE THE THIRD RICHEST DEBBIE MUST BE NEXT ON THE LIST!



RIGHT! AND OLD MAN LUCAS IS WORRIED SICK! HE INSISTED ON F.B.I. PROTECTION... AND SINCE THE SNATCH RACKET IS OUR DOMAIN, WE'VE GOT TO GIVE IT TO HIM!

OKAY! THE JOB MIGHT BE RESTFUL!

Later, at the Lucas residence...



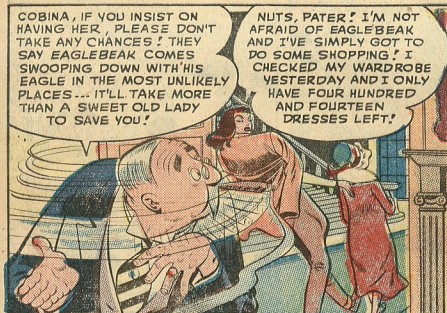
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I ASK THE F.B.I. FOR A BODYGUARD FOR MY DAUGHTER AND THEY SEND ME A FEEBLE OLD LADY! I WON'T STAND FOR IT!

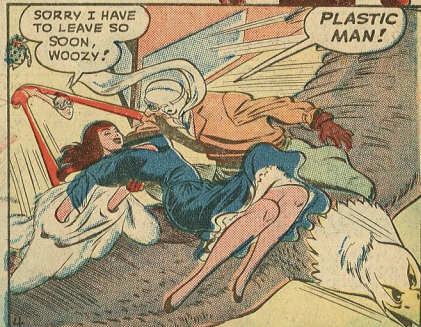
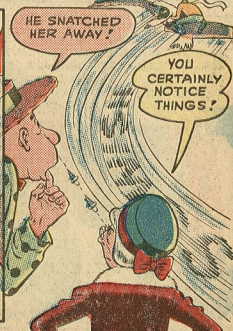
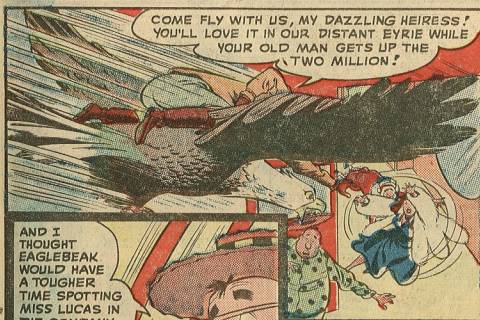
OH, YES YOU WILL, PATER! I DON'T NEED ANY PROTECTION AGAINST SOME NURSERY TALE CHARACTER NAMED EAGLEBEAK IN THE FIRST PLACE!



BUT IF I MUST HAVE A BODYGUARD, I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT SOME BIG CLUMSY FLATFOOT! BESIDES, I THINK THE ONE THEY SENT IS ADORABLY QUIANT AND SWEET!

GULP!





YOUR OLD MAN WAS WARNED NOT TO LET THE LAW IN ON THIS, ESPECIALLY IN THE PERSON OF PLASTIC MAN! AND BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT?

I WAS JUST THINKING HOW WRONG I WAS IN ADMIRING GORGEOUS MEN! YOU'RE UGLY, BUT FASCINATING! SUCH STRENGTH OF CHARACTER!

PEOPLE HAVE DIED FOR MORE FLATTERING REFERENCES TO MY APPEARANCE, BUT WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT AFTER I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THIS RUBBERY SNOOP!

YOU CAN'T HURT ME WITH THAT, SUCKER!

BONK!

BUT I'LL HAVE TO LET GO SOON! THERE ISN'T AN INCH OF STRETCH LEFT IN ME!

PLASTIC MAN, I'M GOING TO GIVE SOME THOUGHT TO WAYS AND MEANS OF DISPOSING OF YOU! OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT DECIDE TO INTERFERE WITH MY ACTIVITIES REGULARLY!

CRACK!
CRUNCH!

BOP!

BETTER GIVE UP, EAGLEBEAK! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

OH, NO? HA! HA! WHAT A TIME TO TELL ME THAT! YOU'RE LOSING YOUR GRIP!

YOU ALMOST HAD HIM, PLAS!

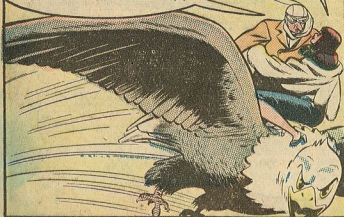
ALMOST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH! AND IT WON'T BE EASY TO FIND HIM NOW!

NOW TO GET BACK TO YOU!

YES! DO LET'S TALK ABOUT THAT!

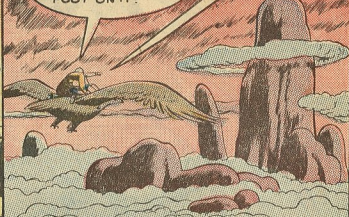
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU CAN BREAK ME DOWN SO THAT IF YOUR DADDY DOESN'T PAY OFF, I WON'T KILL YOU! WELL, YOU'RE WRONG! I'LL CHUCK YOU OFF THE HIGHEST CLIFF IN THE COUNTRY!

SEE THAT? I KNEW YOU HAD STRENGTH OF CHARACTER!



THERE'S OUR EYRIE! NOBODY CAN REACH IT ON FOOT! NO PLANE CAN LAND THERE! ONLY A MAN WHO CAN RIDE AN EAGLE CAN SET FOOT ON IT!

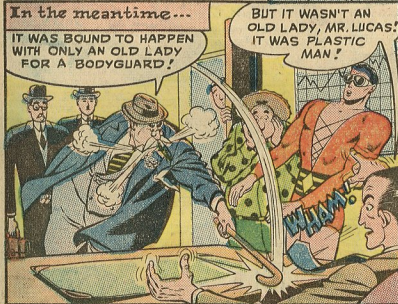
MEANING YOU, NO DOUBT! ANYWAY, I THINK IT'S CUTE!



In the meantime...

IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN WITH ONLY AN OLD LADY FOR A BODYGUARD!

BUT IT WASN'T AN OLD LADY, MR. LUCAS! IT WAS PLASTIC MAN!



PLASTIC MAN! BUT--- IF HE COULDN'T SAVE HER, SHE'S DOOMED!

IF YOU TWO'LL STOP RUBBING IT IN, I'D LIKE TO START THE SEARCH!



I'LL PAY FOR FIVE HUNDRED PLANES... YOU CAN SCOUR THE COUNTRY!

ALL I WANT IS ONE PLANE! I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE EAGLEBEAK WASN'T JUST BEING POETIC ABOUT HIS EYRIE! IF THAT'S WHERE HE'S HIDING OUT WITH MISS LUCAS, I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO'D STAND SOME SORT OF CHANCE OF REACHING IT!

WHAT SHALL I DO IF I GET A RANSOM NOTE?

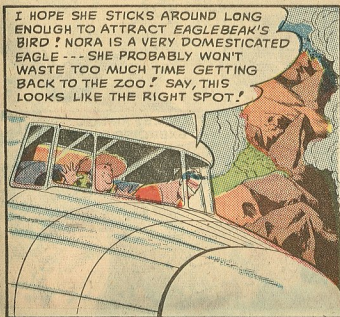
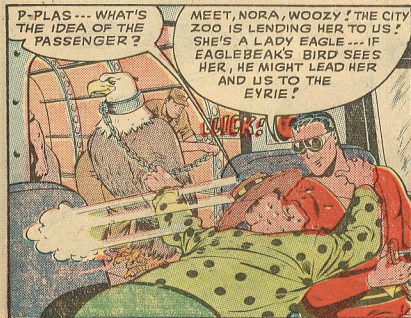
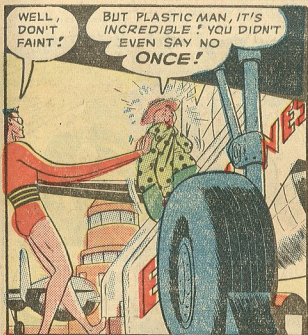
SIT TIGHT! MAYBE I CAN GET TO EAGLEBEAK BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO WRITE ONE!



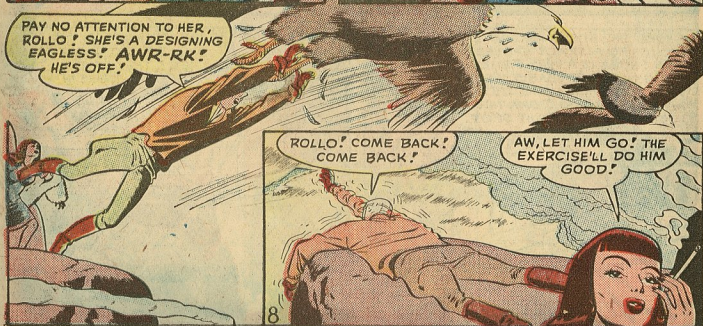
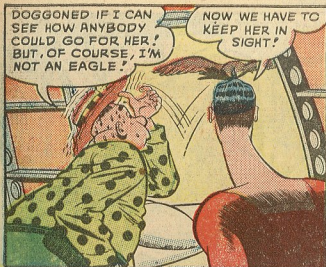
AW, PLAS, TAKE ME WITH YOU THIS TIME ---JUST THIS ONCE!

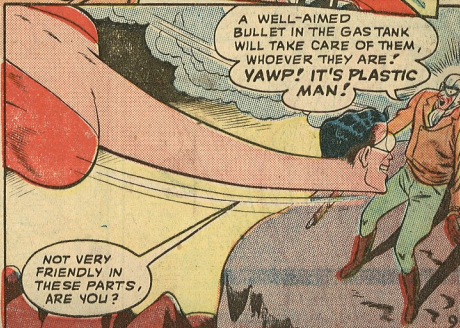
ALL RIGHT! I MAY EVEN NEED YOU, WOODY!





At Eaglebeak's eyrie...





YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER THAN
THAT! BULLETS DON'T
EVEN JAR ME!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

BANG!

NOT A
BIT! WANT
MORE
PROOF?

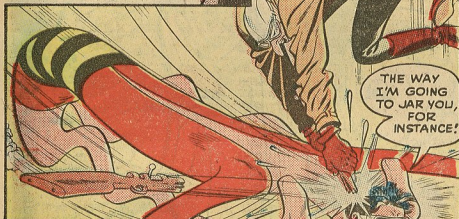
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



THE WAY
I'M GOING
TO JAR YOU,
FOR
INSTANCE!



OOOPS! I DIDN'T
MEAN TO MAKE IT
THAT HARD!



I FORGOT WE WERE
PRETTY HIGH!

YOU CERTAINLY
PACK A WALLOP,
PLASTIC MAN!



I'VE GOT HIM,
EAGLE! SPARE
YOURSELF THE
TROUBLE!

RRRRRip!

AS SOON AS WOOLY FLIES BACK THIS WAY, I'LL GET YOU AND MISS LUCAS ABOARD THE PLANE --- THEN WE'LL GO BACK AND TELL THE F.B.I. ALL ABOUT IT!



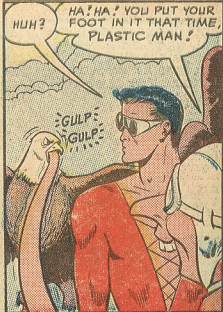
YOU'RE A FOOL, PLASTIC MAN! AT HIM, ROLLO!

NIX, ROLLO... OR I'LL HAVE YOU STEWED AND SERVED FOR SUNDAY DINNER!

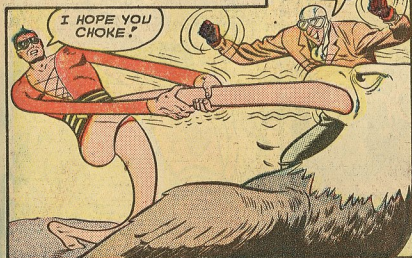


HUH?

HA! HA! YOU PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT THAT TIME, PLASTIC MAN!

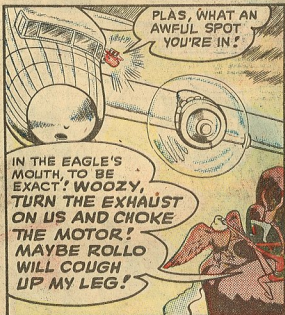


KEEP SWALLOWING, ROLLO! GET HIM ALL DOWN!

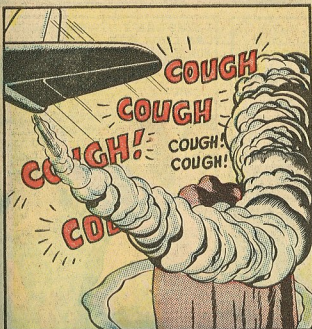


I HOPE YOU CHOKE!

PLAS, WHAT AN AWFUL SPOT YOU'RE IN!



IN THE EAGLE'S MOUTH, TO BE EXACT! WOOLY, TURN THE EXHAUST ON US AND CHOKE THE MOTOR! MAYBE ROLLO WILL COUGH UP MY LEG!

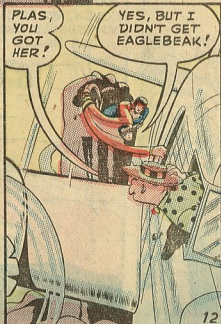
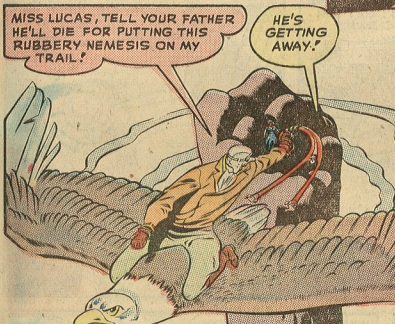
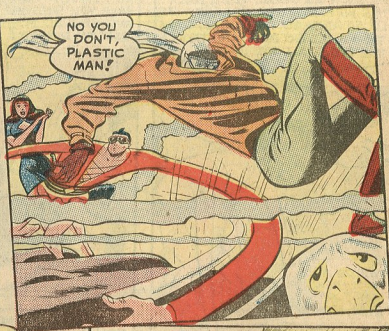


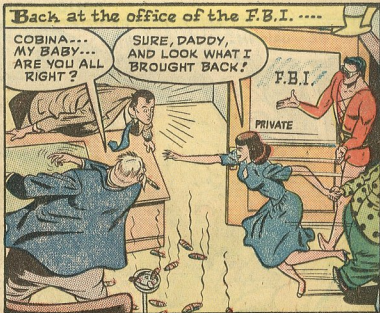
COUGH
COUGH
COUGH!
COUGH!
COUGH!

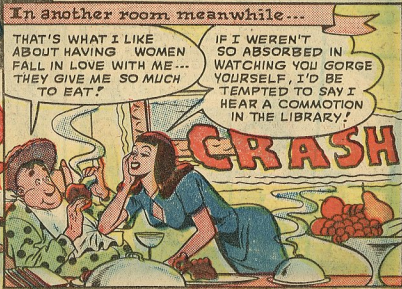
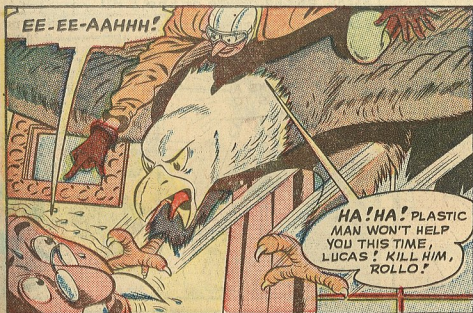
YOU'VE GOT A SMOKER'S COUGH, ROLLO! MAYBE YOU SHOULD CHANGE YOUR BRAND!

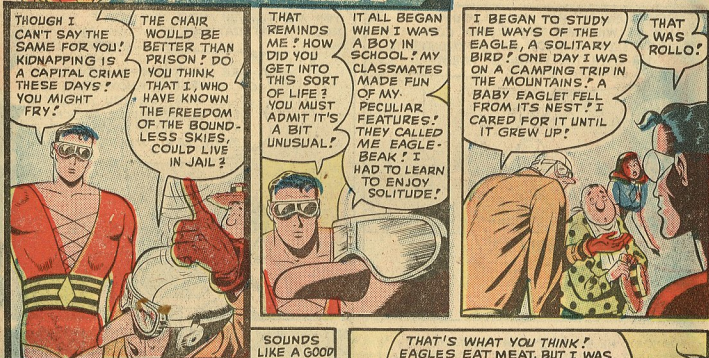
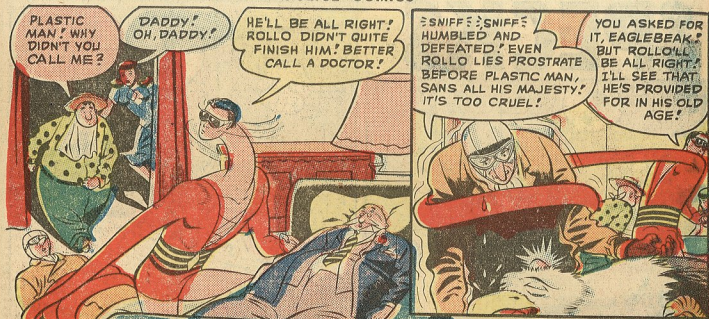


COUGH!
COUGH!
COUGH!

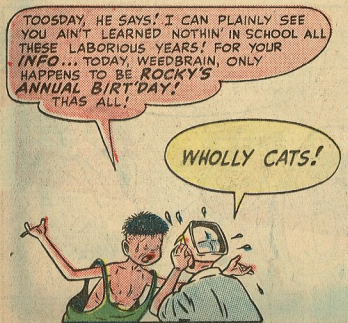
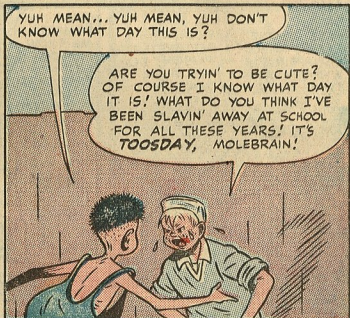
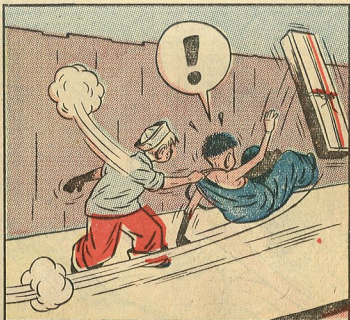
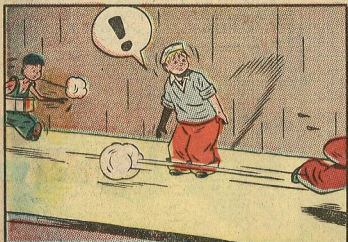








SPECKS



SORRY, MUSCLES! BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLIN' ME WHAT ALL THIS RUNNIN' COMMOTION IS ABOUT? I'M A KINDA GUY WHO LIKES TO KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD'S DAILY CURRENT EVENTS!

YUH MEAN... YUH MEAN, YUH DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS?

ARE YOU TRYIN' TO BE CUTE? OF COURSE I KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS! WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN SLAVIN' AWAY AT SCHOOL FOR ALL THESE YEARS! IT'S **TOOSDAY**, MOLEBRAIN!

TOOSDAY, HE SAYS! I CAN PLAINLY SEE YOU AIN'T LEARNED NOTHIN' IN SCHOOL ALL THESE LABORIOUS YEARS! FOR YOUR **INFO...** TODAY, WEEDBRAIN, ONLY HAPPENS TO BE **ROCKY'S ANNUAL BIRT'DAY!** THAT'S ALL!

WHOLLY CATS!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

PUFF! PUFF!
PUFF!

I'LL BE SUNK
IF HE AIN'T IN!



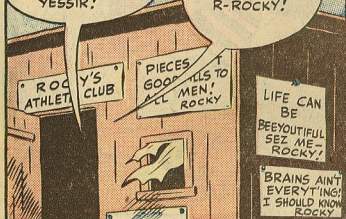
HAPPEE BOIDDAY TO
ME! HAPPEE BOIDDAY
TO ME! TRA-LA-LA

PUFF! T'ANK
HEAVENS! OL'
PUGNOSE
IS IN!



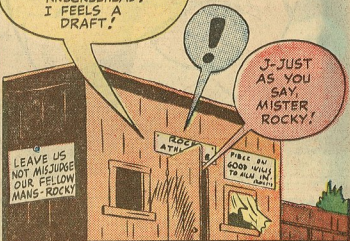
NOW DIS IS WOT
I CALLS A **REAL
BOIDDAY
PRESENT,
APPLEHEAD!**
YESSIR!

G-GLAD
YOU LIKE IT,
MISTER
R-ROCKY!

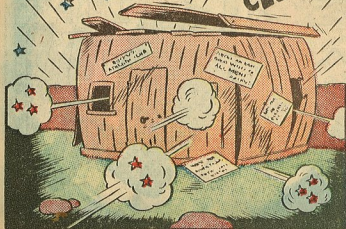


BE A GOOD JERK
AN' SHUT DA DOOR,
KNUCKLEHEAD!
I FEELS A
DRAFT!

J-JUST
AS YOU
SAY,
MISTER
ROCKY!



**BOP! CRACK! SOCKO!
CLOP!**



ONE HOUR LATER...

I-I WUNNER WHAT WOULD'A
HAPPENED
IF I GAVE ROCKY **BRASS
KNUCKLES**
INSTEADA **BOXIN' GLOVES**?

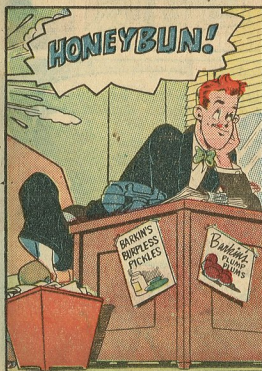
TWEET
TWEET!



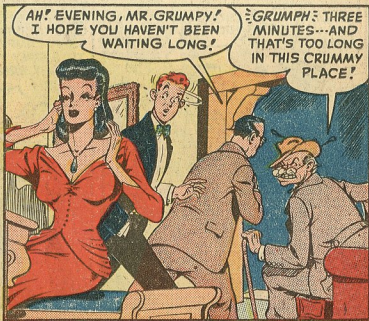
HONEYBUN

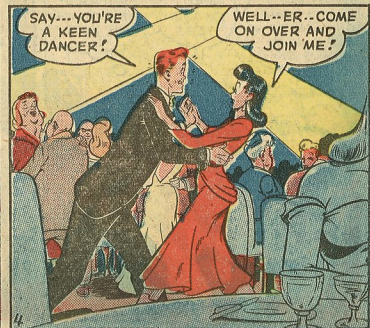
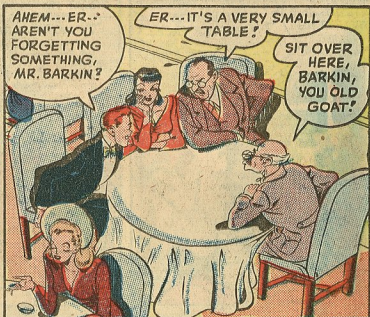
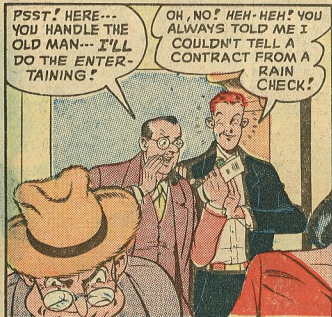
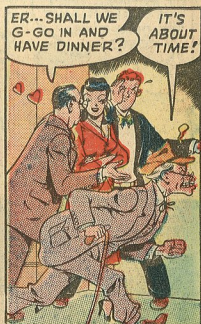
'S MATTER,
HONEYBUN...
AFRAID OF
WOMEN?

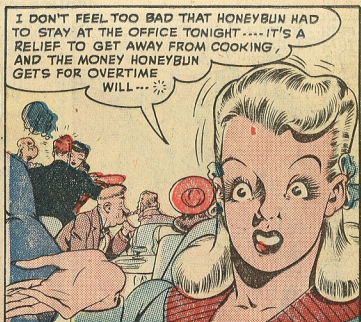
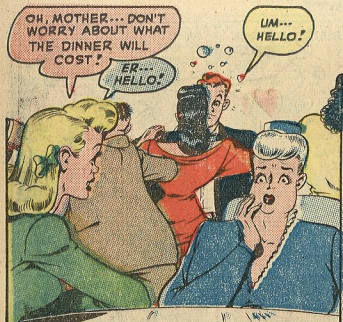
N-NO --- JUST
ONE ... WHEN
I'M AROUND
ANOTHER!

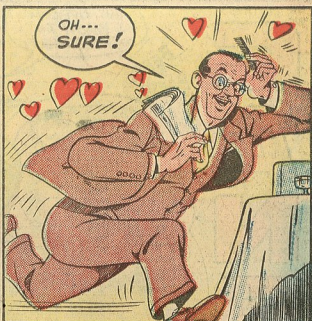
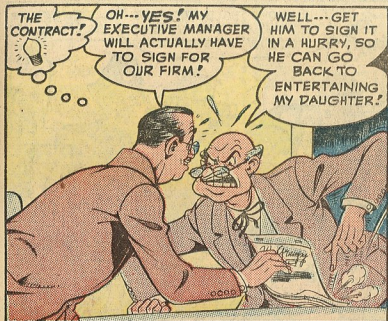


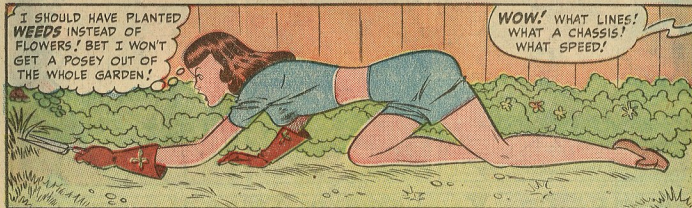
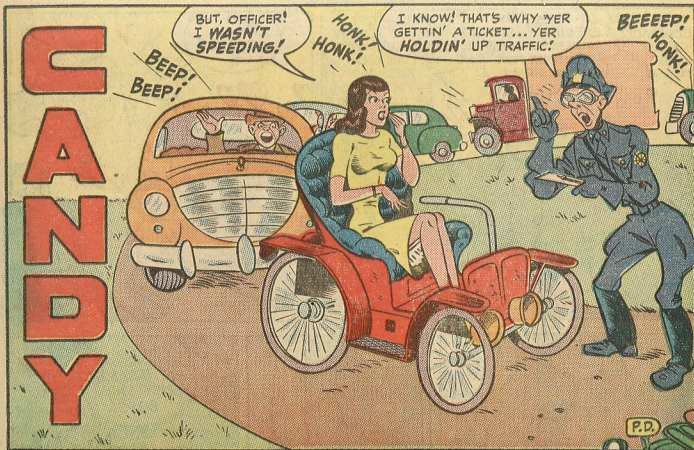




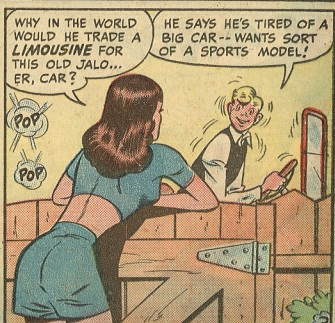
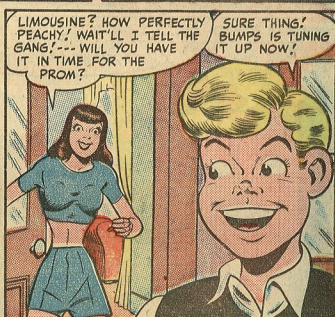


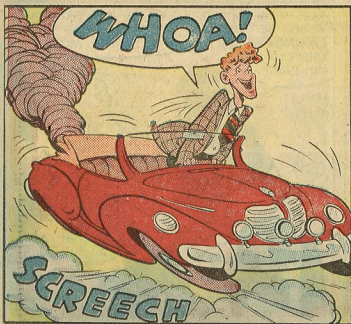
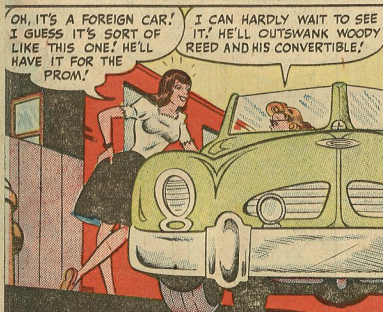


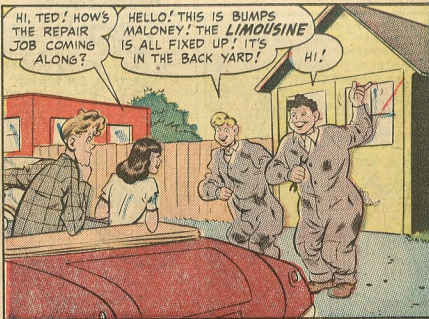
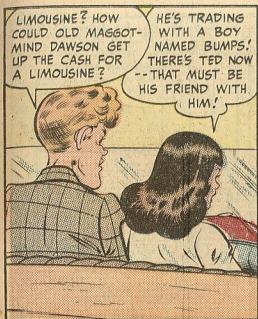




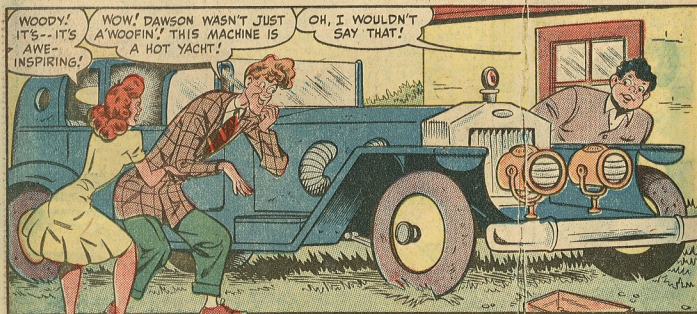
POLICE COMICS

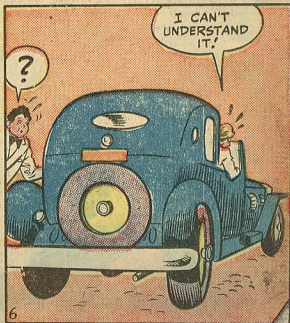
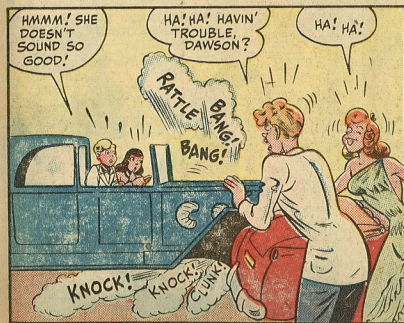
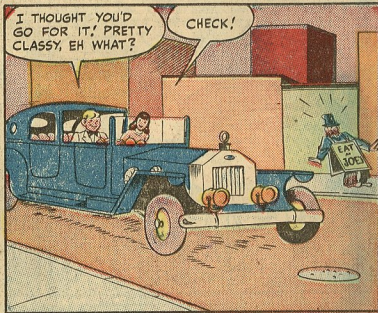
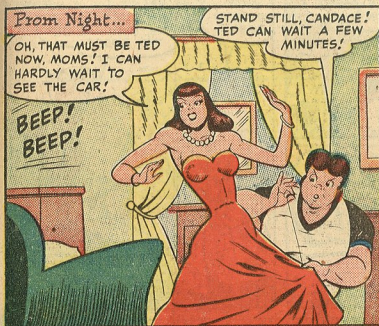


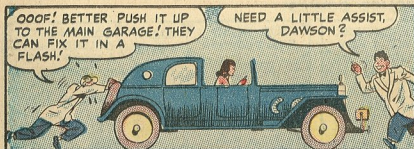




POLICE COMICS









Police Commissioner Dolan at last has a lead on Central City's newest crime threat...

WE KNOW THAT GANG ROBBED YOUR HOUSE AT PISTOL POINT, MR. DURAND! TELL US EVERYTHING, SO THAT WE ---

I DON'T DARE, COMMISSIONER! BECAUSE THEY KIDNAPPED MY WIFE!

IF I TALK, THEY'LL KILL HER -- THEY SAID SO! PLEASE DON'T INTERFERE UNTIL I GET HER BACK!

PSSST--
DOLAN!

DO YOU ALWAYS EAVESDROP, SPIRIT -- EVEN ON MY MOST PRIVATE CONFERENCES?

ALWAYS, DOLAN! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THOSE STICKUP ARTISTS?



UNDER THE LAW, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING! DURAND REFUSES TO MAKE ANY CHARGE OR GIVE ANY INFORMATION---

BEING AN OUTLAW, I DON'T HAVE TO CONCERN MYSELF WITH TECHNICALITIES! LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!

IS THAT MIST'DURAND'S HOUSE? ARE WE GOING IN, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS?

YOU'D BETTER STAY OUTSIDE AND KEEP WATCH, EBONY! I'LL INTERVIEW DURAND ALONE!

APPARENTLY I'M NOT THE ONLY CALLER!

THE SPIRIT! THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL---

THIS FISH IS SLIPPERY!

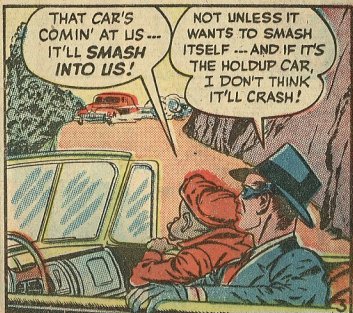
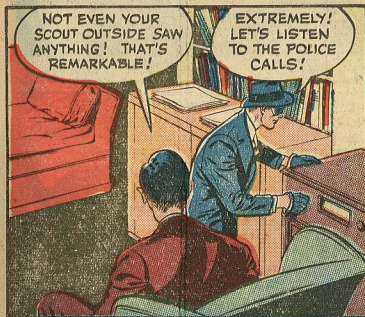
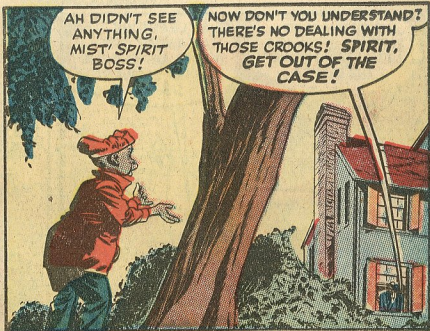
BANG!

YOU'RE A BETTER TARGET, OR I'M A BETTER SHOT!

DON'T LEAVE -- WE HAVE SO MUCH TO SAY TO EACH OTHER!

IT'S DURAND!

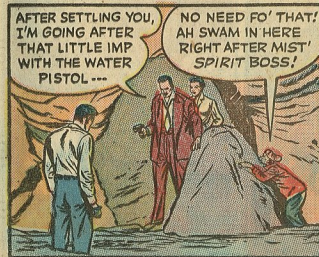
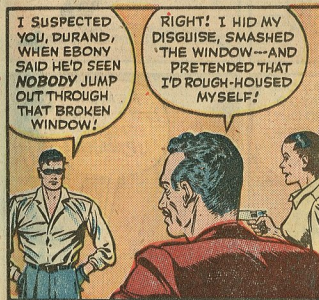
THAT MASKED MAN -- SLUGGED ME AND WENT THROUGH THE WINDOW---

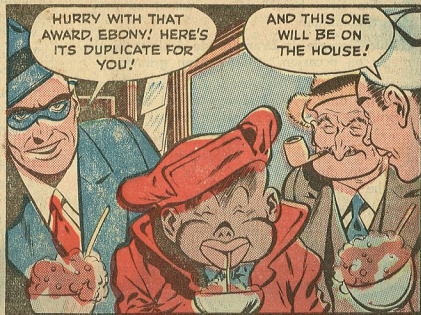




POLICE COMICS









The Witch Doctor

WHEN you enter the Panama Canal at Colon, its eastern end, you are actually farther west than when you come out at Panama City, the western end. It's all because of a sinuous twist in the canal.

Plastic Man was trying to explain this to Woozy as their ship slid carefully through the various locks. Woozy, no mental wizard, was having a rather hard time taking it in.

"But if the east end is farther west than the west end—" Woozy made a gesture of confusion and subsided into silence. "Okay, Plas, you win."

Plastic Man grinned. Woozy was all right. All wool, and a yard wide. Dumb but dependable.

When the ship docked in Panama City, it was evening and the two adventurers waited until the crowd had filed down the gangplank.

Woozy was worried. "It's all right, Plas," he said; "but waiting like this the hotels will get filled and where will we stay?"

Plastic Man said, "Have no fear, Woozy. I have a good friend down here that's going to put us up. . . . Come on, the last one's getting off."

They hailed a taxi at the wharf and Plastic Man gave the driver an address. The drive ended before a low, rambling bungalow set in a jungle of tropical trees and shrubs.

"Who lives here?" Woozy asked as they paid the cabman.

"Dr. Enrique de Brandin. He deals in black magic on occasion." Plastic Man grinned.

Woozy looked frightened. Anything dealing with the dark powers always scared him. "Ya mean," he rasped, "he's a witch doctor?"

"No. Not that bad." Plastic Man guided him into the winding drive hedged by roses and great tree ferns. "The doctor is an authority on the occult."

"All the same to me," replied Woozy, looking worried. "I don't like them guys."

De Brandin was a tall, dark, sombre looking man in his early fifties. He had gleaming black eyes, a vandyke beard and faun-shaped

ears. He looked the type, all right. Woozy looked at him with unmistakable evidences of fear.

"Spooky," said Woozy to himself. "Plain spooky."

Dinner served to expand Woozy's conception of Dr. de Brandin. The food was palatable but foreign tasting. It was served by two tall Hindus—or at least Woozy thought they were Hindus. De Brandin spoke to them in a strange tongue. They carried huge curved knives in belted scabbards at their waists. Krises they were called. They wore floppy burnouses and turbans.

Plastic Man seemed to enjoy his dinner. There was a brazier of incense in a corner of the big room. It gave off an aromatic smoke, and lent cathedral dignity to the room. Woozy thought it was "queer."

"Why all this Hindu business?" he asked when they were shown to their connecting rooms. "I don't like it."

Plastic Man smiled. "Just a part of de Brandin's little play," he said. "It makes a big impression on the hill natives hereabouts."

"What about 'em?"

"I haven't told you why we're down here," said the rubber man. "Well, it's to trap a certain crook. A man is trying to blow up the Canal. He almost succeeded not long ago. De Brandin tells me that while he's had this party under control, up to a certain point, that control is wearing off. That's why he send for me—us."

Woozy nodded. "An' we're supposed to land this crook by the heels, eh?"

"Yep. And it's not going to be easy."

"I'll bet that de Brandin has somethin' to do with it," Woozy muttered. "He looks phoney."

Plastic Man made no reply to that. He only told Woozy to keep his eyes open. Then they prepared for bed.

The night was warm even for tropical Panama. Plastic Man was restless, and after a half hour of tossing, arose and wandered out on the broad verandah. Mockingbirds were making a loud racket, and another night bird

called occasionally. Then the birds quieted down and there was utter silence. Not quite silence. A thin throbbing came to Plastic Man's ears. It was far off, a dull throb-throb.

"Drums," said the rubber man, easing into a chair. "Native drums."

The sound came now steadily, pouring down from the low hills to the north. Solid jungle lay between the mountains and the plain where the famous Canal cut.

Woody came out onto the verandah, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Ho-hum," he sighed. "What you doin', Plas?"

"Restless. Couldn't sleep."

"Uh-huh. Better catch a few winks. Guess I'll go back and try it again." He went through the French doors.

Plastic Man grinned. Little Woody was a funny one. But real people, all right. He heard him snoring after a moment.

A slight creaking as of iron rubbing iron roused Plastic Man. The sound came again. Like a rusty iron door being pushed to slowly. Plastic stood up. He peered into the gloom at the side of the bungalow. Then he saw for the first time what he took to be a tomb. A tomb!

Who's tomb?

There was a dim light showing along a vertical crack. The light was widening, slowly, carefully. A door was opening. The door of the tomb!

Plastic Man slid to the edge of the verandah, watching. The tomb door opened still wider, then a figure emerged into the moonlight. It was dressed in white. A thip shiver ran up Plastic Man's spine. Then he grinned. Ghosts were fairy tales.

The figure coming from the tomb stood now just outside the door. Plastic Man could see that it was one of de Brandin's big Hindu servants. The man simply stood there, staring into the gloom, unmoving, as if asleep. Then he began walking jerkily straight ahead.

"The man's asleep!" said Plastic Man to himself. "In a trance, if I ever saw one!"

The Hindu came on, walking through hedges, stepping over things, going in a straight line. Then from the tomb came the other Hindu. Both were in the same condition.

Plastic Man crouched there in the corner of the verandah, straining his eyes at this strange drama. Then he noticed that both

sleeping Hindus carried bundles of considerable size. Their eyes were open, but staring glassily ahead.

"Hypnotized!" said Plastic Man. He crawled over the edge of the verandah and fell in behind the stalking Hindus. They were making directly toward the Panama Canal, which lay less than a mile away.

Making no sound, Plastic Man kept on behind the two Orientals. They were going faster now, stepping high and long. Plastic Man almost had to trot to keep up with them.

At last they came to the Canal itself, going straight to a dark section below one of the locks. Plastic Man was several yards behind them, but he could see a third white robe crouched down at the Canal side.

"Now, what goes on!" he whispered. "They're up to no good, that's a cinch. I must get up closer. Get a look—"

There was the flame of a match. Then a sputtering and a shower of sparks. One of the Hindus had ignited a fuse!

A fuse of what?

Explosive, of course!

"Hey!" yelled Plastic Man.

A mocking laugh rang out from the darkness. Then the barked warning, "Get back, you fool, or you'll be blown to bits!"

Plastic Man had only a vague picture of what was in progress. But there was one thing he was capable of which no man could equal: his body contained an elasticised substance and so, he could extend himself in any direction and elongate his arms or legs. At this, he shot out an arm to a distance of nearly a hundred feet. His fumbling hand grasped a metal box. The other arm darted out to incredible length, and the hand fumbled at a fuse extending from the box.

Plastic Man jerked the fuse and hurled the box into the Canal. It sank quickly.

A snarling curse rang out. Then a shot sped over his head. This brought the guards of the Canal to their catwalks. There were yells, barked orders. Great floodlights came on, lighting everything like mid-day. Plastic Man's long-reaching arms were still busy. Each held a struggling—and now evidently wakeful—Hindu. A long-extended foot held down the third figure. Who was it? It was de Brandin! In the pay of a foreign power, he had called in Plastic Man to cover his own trail!

MANHUNTER



A PRECIOUS JEWEL SHEDS BRILLIANT LIGHT--
LIGHT THAT CAN BE **BLINDING!**

BECAUSE OF IT, OFFICER DAN RICHARDS WAS
FALSELY ACCUSED OF ROBBERY!

BUT HE BECAME **MANHUNTER** AND, WITH THE
HELP OF THOR, BRAVED A JEWEL-CRAZY MOB
TO SAVE HIS REPUTATION AND REGAIN THE
FABULOUS FROTHMERE EMERALDS!

DARGIS, THE MASTER JEWELLER, IS HAVING A BUSY
AFTERNOON...

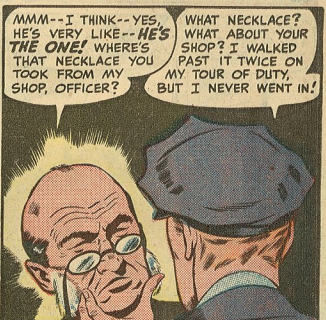
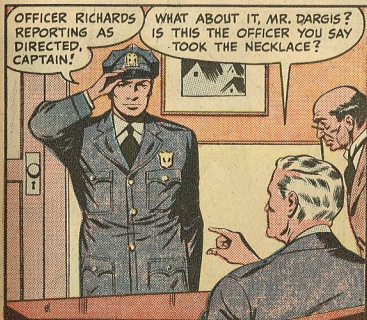
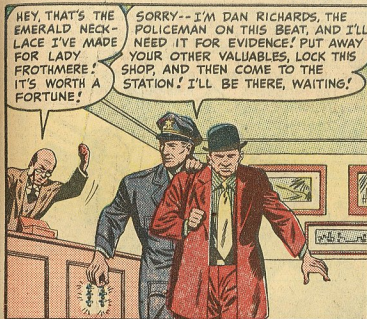
THIEF! PLUNDERER!
I'M HELPLESS NOW--BUT AFTER
YOU LEAVE, I'LL TELEPHONE THE
POLICE!

THAT WILL
BE
UNNECESSARY,
MR. DARGIS!

YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST, YOU
RAT! ONE
FALSE MOVE,
AND I'LL--

OKAY, I
SURRENDER!





SEEKING A MOMENT'S PRIVACY, OFFICER DAN RICHARDS BECOMES **MANHUNTER!**

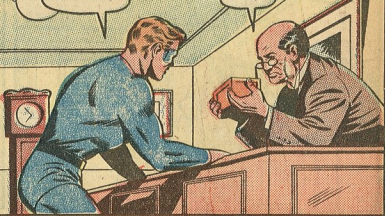
YOU'RE ON THE DOT, THOR! WE'LL GO TO DARGIS'S SHOP FIRST!

ARRRF!



--AND WE'RE AS ANXIOUS TO CATCH THE GUILTY MAN AS YOU ARE! THINK HARD AND TELL US IF THERE WAS **ANYTHING** HERE THE ROBBERS TOUCHED!

I THINK THE GUILTY MAN'S DAN RICHARDS, MANHUNTER! BUT JUST TO PLEASE YOU-- THE FIRST ROBBER HANDLED THIS BOX THE EMERALDS WERE KEPT IN!



YES, THOR! THAT'S THE SCENT I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW!

I'LL BET IT LEADS RIGHT TO THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING POLICEMAN!

SNF! SNF!



THOR'S SUPER-SENSITIVE NOSE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL ALONG THE STREET...

WHICH WAY, THOR?

WUF!



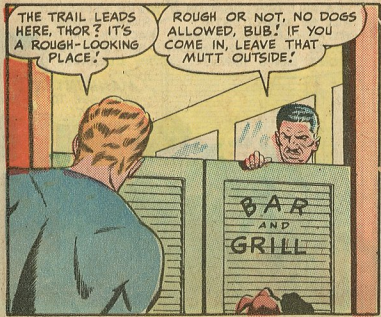
THE TRAIL LEADS HERE, THOR? IT'S A ROUGH-LOOKING PLACE!

ROUGH OR NOT, NO DOGS ALLOWED, BUB! IF YOU COME IN, LEAVE THAT MUTT OUTSIDE!

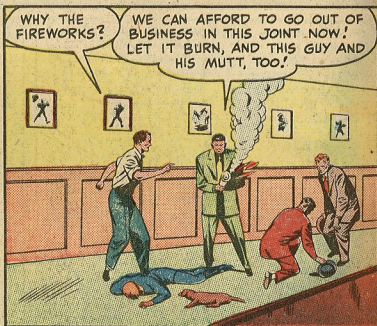
BAR AND GRILL

WAIT FOR ME, THOR!

IF DARGIS THOUGHT DAN RICHARDS WAS THE MAN, THE FAKE COP MUST HAVE RESEMBLED ME SOMEWHAT!

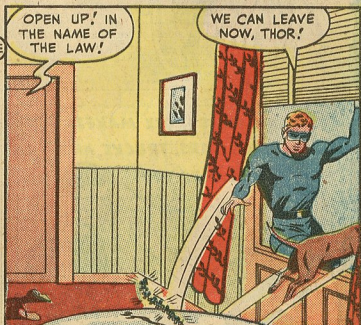






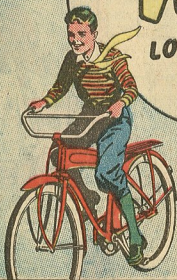






WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life—Dependable performance—
Fewer parts—Easy to put together and
take apart—Sealed against dirt and water..

LOOK
for the
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?



'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS



AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE

AT JONES'S SODA PARLOR



GOLLY, LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING... AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST... BOBBY?



IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY



IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or, if costs you nothing, the 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2). Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music

Studio 4000 Struthers 3, Ohio

☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.

☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s to Canada.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science